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EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1898.

NO 20.

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CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Services regularly held, morning and evening every Sunday in each month. Prayer meetin Thursday night

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH Services second Saturday evening and Sunday ach month. Prayer meeting, Monday night

M. E. CHURCH. Services first Sunday each month. Sunday, hool at 2 co p. m. M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH Services every fourth Sunday night by J. W. Love, Pastor. Prayer meeting every Friday night

ZION A. M. R. CHURCH. Services every Sunday morning at it o'clock, and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9.36 a. m. W. W. Dawsey, pastor MT, ZION BAPTIST CHURCH. Services Sabbath at rr a. m. and 7 p. m. Sm day school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Foster, pastor.

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CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Preaching every second and third Lord's day, morning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Frayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school at 9.15 a.m.

PRESEVTERIAN CHURCH Sunday-school every Sunday morning of Freaching every third Sunday afternoon o'clock by J. S. Cox, of the M. E. church.

## Lodge Directoru.

E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 548, F. & A. M. Stated meetings the first and third Saturdays in each month at 730 p.

ST. BERNARD LODGE. No. 240, I.
O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night
at 7.50 p. m. Viaiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
C. H. Huwt, Secretary

HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 507, L.O. G. T. Regular meeting of members every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting friends especially invited to attend.
C. H. Huwt, Secretary.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the Masonic building. All members of the order are ordially invited to attend. W. F. Anderson, C. C. Thes D. Harrin, K. of R. and S. HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, A. O. U. W. meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Visiting brethren cordialty invited to attend F. M. McCoro, W. M. BERL MYERR, Recorder

## Musical Organizations.

THE ST BERNARD CORNET BAND moess at the Masonic Hall every Tuesday and Friday night. Ill musicians are invited to attend. Meetings begin at 8 o'clock. Das M. Evans. Manager of Band and Hall.

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For Parades, Concerts, Funerals, Weddings, Receptions, Balls,

And all occasions where strictly first-class music is required. A. W GIBSON. - HENDESRON, Ky lead their prisoner away a deep groan was beard from the rear of the room.

#### HOW TO VOTE.

Let every man who has a vote Vote for "Progress!" Not for party, peace, or pleasure Not for favor, fame or treasure; Vote for every honest measure-

Vote for "Progress!" Vote as if your vote might carry-Vote for "Progress!" Franchise is a gift from heaven, Sacred trust to mankind given: De not like dumb cattle driven-Vote for 'Progress!"

Vote for men above suspicion-Vote for "Progress! No, not wire-pullers! nay for south! But men who from their early youth Lov'd justice honor, God and truth-Fought for "Progresst" That man who sells his vote for gold

What sell the birthright for a bribe. And kinship claim with Esau's tribe! Such meaning scarce can we describe, Both fool and knave!

Vote for country, God and home.

Don't say, "Let well grough alone,"

But kick aside each stumbling stone



Boating down over his ragged and hands that were almost transparent, so thin were they, walked slowly into the room where Justice Bloxam held his court. With bowed head and wistful air the old man tiptoed silently. to the rear of the room and sat down in an office chair which had lost its botom and become incoherent about the

In addition to the lawyers, litigants and loungers who usually frequented the courtroom, there were strange faces-morbid seekers after the sensational-to be seen on that morning, for a murder case was to be brought up for a preliminary hearing. Chubbyfaced young attorneys bustled to and fro through the throng, bent on keeping up appearances and making themselves conspicuous. At intervals reporters would glide into the rear office behind the judge's seat and make whis pered inquiries of the haughty clerk, who lost no opportunity of asserting his American independence by smbbing those who came to him with civil ques-

A case in which a shrewd bankrupt was pitting himself against two no less shrewd lawyers was before the court, and the audience which cared not a picayune which should outwit the other,

sation. The old man looked dreamily out through the window. His eyes were lifted above the tin roofs of the adjacent buildings that were glittering under the morning sun. He looked beyond the dizzy height of the chamber of commerce out into the broad expanse where fleecy bits of cloud wore drifting and rifting into soft couches and snow-like columns. The old man's eyes were dim with the radiance of the morning and the memories of other morninga

"I beg your pardon, sir?" A sandyhaired youth with a match in his mouth was speaking to the dreamer. "Putty hor'ble case that, the killin' o' that doctor's wife. Out 'n Evanston,

warn't it, mister?" "I don't know, sir," was the meek reply. Sandyhair let the front legs of his chair come to the floor, unclasped his hands from around his knees and gazed at his neighbor with astonishment and disgust. Then with a muttered "pshaw" he spat out the match and stuck an unlighted eigarette in the

corner of his mouth. At that moment a stir can through the audience, and those who had not an unobstructed view craned their necks forward that they might see the murderer. The old man clenched his hands tightly and held his breath as the prisoner was brought through the door guarded by two officers. His hands were cuffed together, but before he took his place in front of the bench the cuffs were unlocked. With a grin of indifference for the horror on the faces before him and conceit at the attention he excited the burly young ruffian extracted half a plug of tobacco from his pocket and bit off a piece as large as a walnut. Then he began to chew, rolling his quid about and spitting at a cooper ative cuspidor. His eyes were small and bird like. They were set deep in a low, fleshy forchead. His head was square and closely clipped. From the top of the head to the base of his thick

eck was a straight line. The charge against him was a double e; house breaking and murder. He had broken into the house of a Dr. Kingley, in Evanston. After rifling the china closet of what solid ware he could nd, he made his way to the doctor's edroom, with the intention of taking his watch and money. Mrs. Kingley, a very light sleeper, was awakened by ne noise, and, seeing a strange figure in the room, screamed. That scream was her death warrant, for the robber drove his knife deep into her bosom. Before the assassin had time to leap through a window Dr. Kingley, who and been roused by his wife's cry, grappled with him. The physician was member of an athletic club and had on prizes more than once for wrestling, throwing the hammer and other Samsonian feats. He casily kept the murderer captive until the police arrived. As it happened a patrolman was passing the Kingley residence just as Mrs. Kingley screamed. Blowing his whistle shrilly the officer leaped the fence and, running to a rear door, burst it open and entered. A few moments later two other policemen ran up to the corner just after the first man and Dr. Kingley came out with their prisoner. As the young ruffian heard the officers tell their story and listened to the

bereaved husband's tones full of sor-

broadly. When asked if he had any-

thing to say for himself he grinned.

That was his only answer. Justice Bloxam committed him to answer in the

county court. No bail, of course, was

allowed. As the officers were about to

the murderer's eyes dispossionately turned toward the sound. saw was a white-faced old man supported in the arms of a sandy-haired youth on one side and a fat young lawyer on the other. Their burden had fainted, and the rigid face, so thin and sad, looked as if the angel of death had swept it with his wing. One moment the assassin gazed, and in that moment the thin blue eyelids were raised. Fa-

All those present looked around, and

ther and son looked in each other's eyes. The slender, wasted arms of the old man were held out beseechingly and the trembling lips formed two words: "My boyt" An instant the prisoner's thick lips seemed to twitch and his eyes to glisten; then, turning to his guards with a scowl, he said: "What'r youse fellers stannin' there

for? Come on 'r l'll leave yer."

All of those who had thronged the courtroom were gone with the exception of the old man. He sat in the bottomless chair with his hands clasped and his eyes turned toward the floor. Painted there on the boards before him was a picture—a child's laughing face with a mass of brown hair floating about it, and blue eyes that seemed to look the love that the rosy lips fain would speak. Long the old man gazed with the picture shimmering and dancing before his eyes. Now and again it looked as if the wanton hair was blown by a gust of wind across the smiling Merry eyes gleamed through the rifts at him who sat and dreamed. last a man came to sweep out the place. He touched the old man gently and said in no unkind tone:

"You'll have to go out now, mister. You'll have to go home. Court is The old man meekly rose, and as he

walked toward the door the vision floated on before. Down the narrow wintry halr stairway he crept and out upon the pavement. People passing jostled him, but he heeded them not, for above their needs the laughing eyes, the saucy lips and brown head floated like a phantom of the past. Caught up by the sweep of the crowd he was carried along north with it, but before him went the vision as though it were a guiding star. Pushed and buffeted here and there, he took no heed of his direction, only looking to the vision to lead him where it would. When the Clark street bridge was reached he failed to realize it, and walked slowly on with his hands clasped and the merry face still going on before. A bell rang. He heard it not, for the child's hips were parted with a smile. By and by-not long, but how long he knew not-he came to the end of the bridge. As he looked down, down into the muddy, opaque stream, the vision danced on the waving ripples and the blue eyes seemed to say Come." The old man stretched out his arms, and it seemed as if the visionhis boy, his darling baby, the treasure of his heart-floated nearer, and it seemed as if the rosy lips were pursing themselves for a kiss. Nearer and



AND-SPLASH. old man's arms were trembling with eagerness to embrace the loved one. At last the thin, wrinkled lips touch the soft, tender ones and-splash!

A few blocks north of the river stands

square, gloomy building, with ironbarred windows. In a dark and dingy cell below the street level a burly young man lay on an iron bed. He was fast asleep and snoring lustily. It was the old man's son. He Wanted Particulars

"Sleep?" responded the large, good-natured comfortable-looking man, to a not infrequent. Lace ruches are phia Times. question the man by the stove had put around the neck of lace-trimmed capes, a baby. "What baby?" queried a nervous, things.-Chicago Sunday Post.

harassed-looking young fellow, with

"What

strange glitter in his eyes.

baby, I say?" he repeated in harsh and hollow tones that frightened the company, for they did not know that he had been a father for only a year. - Detroit Free Press. A Hard Woman to Please. "There is no pleasing Mrs. Adipose said Parker. "She got in a crowded car the other day, and when three men

got up to offer her a seat she got mad.

Took it as a reflection upon her size."-

Harper's Magazino. Au Incomplete Book Ikey Blumenstein-Fader, der teacher says I must puy a digtionary.
Blumenstein—Vell, don'd you puy the digtionary called de pright legsicon ohf

vord as fail.-Judge. What She Celebrates. Mr. Livewayte (of Chicago)-I have received an invitation to Mrs. Laker's

Mr. Cahokia-Why, she hasn't been

Blumenstein-Begauze id has no such

Ikey Blumenstein-Vy, fader?

married ten years. Mr. Livewayte-No, but she has been narried ten times.—Jury. Regard for Appearances First Boy-Who cut y'r hair-y'r nother?

Second Boy-Naw. Yeh don't think

I'd let me mother cut me hair, do yeh? She'd butcher it. "Who did it?" "Cut it meself."-Good News. X Desperate Criminal.

"He struck me in the head with a cake of ice," said a witness at the central station yesterday, pointing to a prisoner in the box. "That was a case of congealed deadly weapons," observed the magistrate. row and suppressed fury he grinned Philadelphia Record.

> Lack of Respect. Irate Old Gentleman (from the country)-I shall never call on those young ladies again. Sympathizing Friend-And why? Irate Old Gentleman-They did

ask me to remove my hat.-Life.

RHEUMATISM IN CHILDREN. Local Manifestations Which Indicate the Story of the Cruel Murder of Ahmed Said

Rheumatism is a name applied to one of the earliest classified of all diseases. van, or large hall, of the mudicieh, In the public mind the word is con- they found the commandant Ahmed nected with swollen and painful joints, Said Pasha, sitting in a high-back or, less frequently, with pain in the carved armchair of stained wood, bolt muscles or sinews. rushed at him to slay him, but he look

As our knowledge of rheumatism has proadened, we have learned to consider ed straight at them and exclaimed: it a disease of the system in general, resulting in local manifestations. The pain and swelling in the joints are due to the irritation exerted by the med Ahmed. Show me the way!" The

poison of the disease—which is circulat-

ng in the system-upon the delicate structures which compose the joints the brave old Turk went before the now? The action of this rheumatic polson s felt also upon other parts of the Recurring ton-illitis is often the a loaded revolver out from his clothes result of such action upon the tissues to slay the prophet, who had a narrow composing the tonsils. This is frequently the case in adults; it is much

One symptom of the rheumatic tempersonnent occurring in children is the surely give 680 piasters for the man."

development of little rounded bodies He was therefore knocked down to the beneath the surface of the skin and around the joints. They are most common along the margins of the kneep an order that the pasha was to be killed and elbow-joint, and along the back- at once, and some dervishes went forth

disappearing. authorities, is the most common cause with proud, fearless look and demeanof the nervous disease called St. Vitus' or, his head in the air. The dervishes dance. An inflammation of the chest drew their swords. He said: "So you walls, called pleurisy, not uncommonly have come to murder me. have you? develops during an attack of rheuma- Ye cursed, cowardly dogs. I fear you virus in the system.

which the rheumatic temperament gives ers and your mothers back for three rise is the well-known one of heart-It should be understood that the

only evidences of a rheumatic tendency. Details of the management of chil- Sharif and the other Egyptian officers

COSTLY TRIFLES. Daintinesses Indispensable to Coming Season's Toilet. The little things of this season will Soudan. paradoxically be the large things of dress. The laces, the ribbons, the chiffons they are equisite, costly, indispensable. Especially will ribbons be used. The top of an evening bodiec to en narrow across the chest. There are expense.
ribbon rosettes on collars, cuffs and A spotless white cloth, over which a

of it, but alack and well-a-day a rib- ness. Pale green fingerbowls should bon trimming is quite expensive! airy-fairy effects of cupids and waving ing a particularly pretty pattern. stripes of rococo garlands. The Irish, The repast itself should of course par-Venetian and Russian open laces are take as much as possible of the general still popular, but their popularity is character of the luncheon. Spring poshared by laces in finer pattern, in pure tatoes, peas, asparagus, spinach and

ong lines of tempestuous waves "Sleep? I sleep all night like and gauntlet cuffs, wide and loose and filled with lace ruffles, are the correct

Proper Clothing for the Feet.

A cold is looked upon as of little or no consequence; but often a cold, care- may get some idea of what was high lessly taken, settles upon the lungs, style in those far-away times. Carpets and ends in consumption. There is no for presence-chambers of royalty, and more prolific source of colds than lusuf- for high alters of chapels and catheficient or improper clothing for the feet, drals, were rich in design and in colespecially in cold and inclement weather ors, almost beyond description. No wet, but it can only be worn by most persons a little while at a time without | ly homes were usually thus adorned. tion, producing moisture and a cold, greenswards, these costly breadths of disagreeable sensation and often caus- matchless tints served a goodlie puring headache. Leather is the material pose for the steppings of noble slames which must be mainly depended upon and tender-footed maydens." It was for the protection of the feet, and about the most essential thing is thick soles writer, to view the celebrated Baldak of the best leather. In wet weather carpets, inwrought with gold and silver they are indispensable, and even when threads, and so brilliant and exquisite the ground and the side-walks are dry of tint as to serve as canopies stretched in cold weather the cold strikes instant- upon poles to shield the royal presence through thin soles—or, to speak more Their glittering sheen, their shifting scientifically, the heat is instantly conducted out of the feet-and scarcely over them, created a mosaic anything can be more detrimental to beauty; still further were they utilized health. always, in winter, whether the weather | quets.-Harper's Bazar.

-"Deh is a good temperance sermon in a freight train," says Uncle Nose. thoughtfully, "that sleds have runners "No matter how much the cars gits when they don't do anything but slide. loaded de engine w'at do de work gits along strictly on water."

-Mrs. Wickwire-Why do they call a woman's expense "pin money." Mr. Wickwire—Because her husband is stack for them. Do you see the point? -Indianapolis Journal. A . E j. yable Affair.

Trivvet-llave you hear of the inter-

esting society event at the di-Dicer-No; what was it? Trivvet-The bearded tady has married the Circussian beauty - lin- hij "

he's so used to dissecting that he cuts everybody.-Des Moines Argonaut. A Propert. "Gentlemen," cried the political orator, rising before the noisy convention.

"Mr. Chairman," shouted an enraged

ordered him to be searched. This was done just as he was drawing escape. The mahdi then said: "Take

A BRAVE OLD TURK.

When the dorvishes entered the di-

"Back, dogs! touch me not! you would

myself and see the arch rebel. Moham-

upright, and with folded arms.

defile me, base rebels! I will

the cursed dog of a Turk away, and sell the rheumatic poison is less frequently with him?" So the pasha was led away that rheumatics is endidren. so that rheumatism is commonly looked place. No one dared buy him, till one upon as a disease of adult life. of the mahdi's emirs came up and said. in derision, "Oh, auctioneer! I will

emir. When the madhi heard this he sent bone and collar-bone. They appear from his presence to carry out the orquickly without pain, but are slow in der. When they came to the Emir's Rheumatism, according to the best brought forth. He came out by himself tism, from the presence of the rheumatic not. May your fathers' graves be defiled! I curse them, you, and the vile The most dangerous disorder to harlots who bore you. I curse your fathgenerations. All your mothers and sisters are abandoned women. I curse

you all, and your vile, fasle prophet. Mohammed Ahmed." growing pains of children are ofter the They then fell upon him; and he died, tendency lies in giving children proper food and a sufficiency of exercise.

Without fear, pouring maledictions on the rebels with his last breath. The dervision them are the pouring maledictions on the rebels with his last breath. dren subject to rheumatic symptoms were, and slew them all. When they should in all cases be referred to the returned to the mahdi, and told him should in all cases be referred to the returned to the mahdi, and told him family physician.—Youth's Companion. what they had done, he pretended to be angry, shed tears, and told the dervishes that they were blood-thirsty, and that their acts did not please him.--Buonomi, in Ten Years Captivity in the

# THE SPRING LUNCHEON.

If you have any social obligations to be colonial or antique, must be finished be discharged give a spring luncheon, at the top by a very large, outspread- for no prettier or more simple function ing bunch of loops and ends which are can be imagined, and you are certain to left to define themselves against the win the gratitude of those friends skin. Upon the back of all belts a rose whom you invite to the vernal feast. or rosette of ribbon must find a resting | To begin with, have your decorations place. For out-of-door gowns, as well all green and white. This can be very as indoor, there is the inevitable ribbon easily accomplished, for you need not trimming, only there are no up-stand-ing ends: it is all loops. The shoulder you can substitute in their place a bow on the back of the waist is still wicker basket filled with ferns, the by the woman who wants to look | maiden hair being the most effective. | nor well, and the shoulder-tip bow by wom- This centerpiece can be hired at small it.—Detroit Free Press.

belts, and ribbon bands and quillings pale green silk scarf is laid, will suf-and rufflings about the skirts, and seams are finished by little ruffles of one that can be placed over green. The ribbon. By the way, the newest shade china, pure white, and the candlesticks in ribbons is the "Chicago red." To be also white, with pale green shades, will really up to date one should wear lots lend their quota to the general daintioh, the beautiful, in pale green, the maiden hair fern be-

white, coru and solors. The Sancta white potatoes, green bon bons in Mara lace is designed as a Columbian white wicker china baskets, any pure souvenir and shows the ship tossing on white water lee, and pistache cream. The petit pain should be tied with pale It is ingenious and the waves are green and white baby ribbon, and at well represented, but it is really monote each place a couple of bunches of white take The empire flournings are of hyncinths, held together with green net, jeweled or beaded in some small ribbon, will be a spring souvenir cerall-over pattern, wide elaborated bor- tain to be highly prized. The menu der and spangle fringed edge. Some | card will suggest endless original ideas, border woven through and altogether you will find that with silk baby ribbon stripes in spring luncheon is a most delightful delicate tinting. Capes of cloth affair, the resources of which are endhave white lace rufiles and deep less. A little later apple and cherry ruffle collarettes, and the wide ruffle blossom luncheons can be carried out

We read that on the part of the reputed rich of the middle ages there was great fondness for magnificent floorcoverings, and if you can peep between the pages of old illuminated books one India-rubber is impervious to the less grand were those wrought for less Cocorico. prominent religious houses, and prince-It confines the insensible perspira- ladies fayre, and upon gently swaying Wear thick soles, therefore, by being laid under couches at ban-

A Problem.

"It's very funny," remarked Sain, -Harper's Young People.

-Mrs. Jangle-You don't think, Mr. Certainly not. Mrs. Jangle—And yet it was only yesterday you told me to remember that every dollar counted.-Buffalo Conrier.

> In His Line. Cholly Hungerford-Dr. Ponsonby is the proudest man I ever saw. scarcely recognizes his patients when he meets them on the street. Miss Hallou-Yes; but then I suppos

Lost Opportunities. Papa-Mercy! what an interrogation point you are! I'm sure I didn't ask such strings of questions when I was a

opponent, springing to his feet: "I pro- boy Little Son-Don't you think if you test against this here orator's use of sarcasm in his remarks to this convention."—Chicago Nawa Record. had, you'd be able to answer more of mine?—Good News.

# FUN BY THE COLUMN.

Youth and Age. When he was young, and fresh, and green. But recently escaped from college. He wrote on science, politics, Great articles, to show his knowledge Great articles, to show his knowledge
But now that he is old and give.
His mind pranks out in youthfur capers.
In fredies, tricks and somersacits
fle's writing for the children's papers.

- Brooklyn Life

Depending on Providence. Editor of the Weekly Windgall (to a visitor)-Smith, you must lunch with

dervishes, startled at his words and me to-day threatening demeanor, drew back, and Smith-All right Are you going out Mahdi, who, as soon as he saw him, Editor-No, I can't go just yet Do you mind waiting until the next mail mes in? There will probably be a

subscription in it. - Truth The Man for the Job.

First Artist-Well, old man, how's Second Arthat-Oh, splendid Got a commission this morning from a mil-Wants his children painted very badly.

First Artist (pleasantly)-Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job.-Stust De Obeyed.

Alfred (raptarously)-Now, darling, please name the happy day. Minnie (blushingly)-Three weeks from next Thursday, Alfred North (through the keyhole)-If you please, miss, that's my regular day out You'll have to git married in the early

part of the week. -Tid-Bits. Pamily Resemblance. "This is my youngest boy, Mr. Cyni-They say be is very like me." "Does he go to school?"

yet he can't write." "He's very much like you," said Mr. Cynicus. - Harper's Basar. An Amendment.

"Yes. He can read quite well, but as

Tencher - How many senses are Tommy Tucker-Five. Teacher-That is right. What is your hand raised for, Benny Bloobumper? Benny-Please, ma'am, there have been eleven censuses taken so far.

Wittieus-So long as the dry goods man has garters in his store, he need never buy any more articles of any sort. Querieus-How so? Wittieus-Why, he always has some thing he can keep stocking up with .-

The Cause of the Trouble

Good Thing to Have.

Betsey and I are out to-day, And this is the reason why: And this is the reason - at I went to town with a lead of hay And returned with a lead of rya. — Truth The tooth paller was right up with the times in youth, style and check.

"Have you all the latest appliances?" asked a patient in the chair, holding on



"Be careful, Mr. Snobly, that is the

fifth glass of punch I have seen you "Ah, my dear Miss Winston, you don't know me: I can drink any quantity of liquor and never have a head on me." "Oh no; no one would ever accuse you of that."-Truth

Unadulterated. The Buffalo News has an old joke with a slight variation: Nimrod-Any good hunting round Farmer-Yes; oceans of it.

Nimrod-What kind of game mostly?

Farmer-Never seed any game. Just

plain hunting. A Lesson in Etiquette In a kitchen: Mother-You shouldn't dip your aners into the gravy that way, Mary. It's very vulgar. Mary-But how else can I taste it,

mother? You surely don't want me to soil one of the plates!-La Lanterne de She-I took the present you gave me experiencing unpleasant effects from And, as the story goes, "in bowers of to my aunt and she thought it was lovely But she wants to know what we will do with it after we are mar-

> her I shall take it to my uncle .- Brook Giving Up Weeds. Husband-But I don't want to quit hewing tobacco. Wife-I gave up my weeds for you, and 7 think you might do the same for me.—Kate Field's Washington.

> > Appropriate Mourning.

He-That's very simple, dearest. Tell

Mrs. Newbride-Why! You are in econd mourning, and your hasband has not been dead a week! Mrs. Weed-But he was my second husband, you know!-Puck. Kitty-Oh, girls, I heard the most

awful stories about Juck Friskel

must be good. He has been twice divorced!-N. Y. Herald. They Have Seven Lives. "I saw poor Scribbles the poet this morning and the poor duffer hadn't an overcont. He'll die of pneumonia." "Not if he is a true poet. They never

Millie-Do tell us at once, dear. They

die,"-Life. In the Right Place. Mrs. Stevens—John, I do believe I hear a man under the bed. John-For Heaven's sake, keep still, Hester, and maybe I can get him to make a fire in the morning.—Chicago Daily Inter Ocean.

Mr. Bigfoot-Iwould like to look at a pair of slippers. Floorwalker Yes, sir, you'll find them in the long-felt want department.

The Clever Floorwalker.

# ANOTHER GREAT OFFER!